or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away, my conſcience ſayes no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to mee: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* beeing an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kinde of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile wel, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be ruld by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the deuill himſelfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile mee to ſtay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maiſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maiſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maiſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maiſter Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcel*
or no.

Launcelet. Talke you o
nowe, nowe will I raiſe th
Launcelet.

Gobbo. No Maiſter ſir
though I ſay't is an honeſt
thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Fa
Maiſter *Launcelet.*

Gob. Your worſhips fri

Launce. But I pray you
you of young Maiſter *Lau*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant p

Launce. Ergo Maiſter *L*
Father, for the young Ge
nies, and ſuch odd ſayings,
learning, is indeede deceaſe
gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forb
age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke
or a prop: doe you know

Gobbo. Alacke the day,
but I pray you tell mee, i
dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not

Gobbo. Alack ſir I am ſa

Launcelet. Nay, in deed
of the knowing mee: it i
childe. Well, olde man, I
mee your bleſſing, trueth
hidde long, a mannes So
out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſta
my boy.